

638 POEM TO THE MAJESTY OF KING JAMBS* [
 9 /_{un}e^e₃;

And then (0 but till then make haste !) your
Grace shall see
Your stranger subject's faithful loyalty,
Now to return where first I did begin,
'Mongst all estates, Poets have cause to sing
King JAMES his welcome; for he doth excel
(As his *Lepantho* and his *Furies* tell)
In Poesy. All kings in Christendom.,
Then welcome him (quick spirits!), blush to be
dumb!
And pardon him that boldly makes this suit
Forced by some Fury, scorns to be longer
mute,
Rejoice ! Your patron is your country's King,
Judge! of all states, have not you cause to sing
?
For shame, then, rouse your spirits ! Awake,
for shame !
Give CAESAR'S due ! Acquit yourselves from
blame !
All wish his welcome, 'mongst all sorts of men_f
Save only such as are past sixty-ten:
These wayward old ones grudge to leave
behind
What our succeeding Age is sure to find.
The peace, the plenty, pleasure, and such like
gain
Which we are sure t'enjoy in JAMES his reign ;
Wishing, Would he had lived in their youth's
prime;
Or Old Age would return to ten and nine !
Were they but nineteen who have ninety seen,
They would then wish to see King JAMES and 's
Queen.
And so indeed they do, the whitest heads
That lived in antique time, and prayed on
beads
These holiest fathers crave no longer life
Than once to see King JAMES his Queen and
wife
With hands up reared, giving JEHOVAH praise,
That length'ed their lives to see his happy
days.
That these his happy days full grace may
bring,
Let English hearts cry all, " GOD save our
King!"

FINIS.